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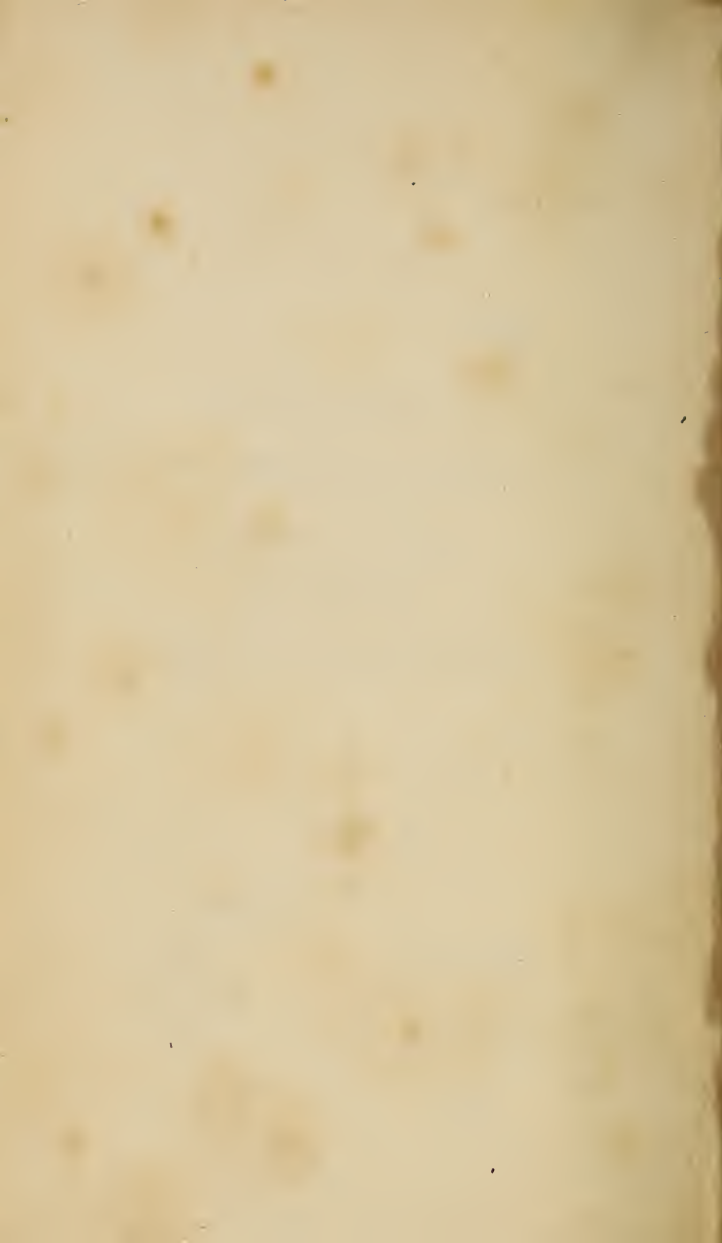
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SACRED LYRICS,

BY

JAMES EDMESTON,

AUTHOR OF "ANSTON PARK," A TALE;
WORLD OF SPIRITS, ETC.



THIRD SET.



Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the Altar laid.

WALLER.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR FRANCIS WESTLEY,
STATIONERS'-COURT.

1822.

INSCRIBED

TO MY FRIEND

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF LITERARY HOURS—ESSAYS ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE—SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES—WINTER NIGHTS—EVENINGS IN AUTUMN, &c.

JAMES EDMESTON.

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SACRED LYRICS.



INVOCATION.



H! for one flash of that pure fire,
In Heaven intense and bright;
To glance along this trembling lyre,
And wake its chords to light :
Then would I sing, that all around,
Were wrapt in pleasure at the sound !



Then, would I give the Spirit wings
To soar into the sky ;
The sounds that lit these feeble strings,
Should lift the thought on high :
And lead the enchanted heart along,
Bound in the magic cords of song !

GREAT SPIRIT ! who didst erst descend,
To glow in prophet's soul ;
To me, thy holy influence lend,
Direct, inspire the whole :
Then can I sing, if I may be
Directed and inspired by THEE !





THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.



When I am dead, then bury me in the Sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried : lay my bones beside his bones.—1 Kings, xiv. 31.



THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,
 Embosomed in a valley dell ;
THE eye of Splendor marks it not,
 Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

THE Hazel forms a green bower there,
 Beneath, the grassy covering lies ;
AND forest flowers, surpassing fair,
 Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.

~~~~~

MORN decks the spot with many a gem,  
And the first break of Eastern ray,  
Lights up a spark in each of them,  
That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,  
The Fancy here a smile might see,  
Like that, when first the saint awakes  
At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,  
And here they sing their sweetest lays ;  
Meet requiem—He who there is laid,  
Breathed his last dying voice in praise.

And here the Villager will stray,  
What time his daily work is done,  
When Evening sheds the western ray  
Of sweet, departing summer sun.



~~~~~

On lovely lips his name is found,
And simple hearts yet hold him dear,
The PATRIARCH of the village round,
The PASTOR of the chapel near.

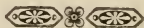
The holy cautions that he gave,
The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept,
Yet linger here, though in his grave,
Through many a year, the saint has slept.

And oft the Villager has said,
“ Oh, I remember, when a child,
“ He placed his hand upon my head,
“ And bless’d me then, and sweetly smiled.

“ ’Twas he that led me to my God,
“ And taught me to obey his will;
“ The holy path which he has trod,
“ Oh, be it mine to follow still !”



GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS ! Surely there
The sweetest bloom of beauty is,
Oh, may I sleep in couch as fair,
And with a hope as bright as his !





THE MILLENNIUM.



It seems, as if the summer sky
Assumed a purer blue ;
It seems, as if the flowret's dye
Put on a brighter hue ;
It seems, as if rough Ocean's wave
Could now the bark but gently lave ;
A loveliness so soft, so fair,
Pervades the Earth, the Sea, the Air ;
Peace dwells below, and all above
Bespeaks the heavenly reign of Love.



EMMANUEL!—Thy Sceptre bends
O'er every land beneath the sun ;
Where'er the track of Man extends,
Have thy sweet victories been won !
Thy Cross has shone the cresset light
To wandering men, in storms of night,
And show'd them, anxious and distress,
The haven of eternal rest.

COMMERCE! not now, as once of old,
Art thou the tool of vice for gold ;
The tears of woe, and blood of slaves,
Not now, as once, pollute the waves ;
Food for soft VICE, and PLEASURE'S store,
Lade the polluted boards no more ;
But every good that Nature yields,
Rich fruits from gardens, food from fields,
The treasures, suns and showers dispense,
Through all-pervading Providence,
Fruits of the mind, and many a store
Of human, and of sacred Lore !

~~~~~

The ARTS and SCIENCES combine,  
SAVIOUR ! to make the Empire thine.  
PAINTING portrays some lovely thought ;  
The airy group hath SCULPTURE wrought ;  
SONG bids to HIM, her lays aspire,  
And MUSIC gives them warmer fire ;  
FANCY and REASON, STRENGTH and ART,  
Each bears her own, her several part.  
The curse of WAR is past and o'er,  
The blade shall bathe in blood no more !

Within the cot, within the tower,  
Wherever we may roam ;  
In city, field, or summer bower,  
How sweet is every home !  
LOVE and RELIGION mingling there,  
Make all alike around it fair.

Sweet is the beaming smile of light,  
That LOVE darts through the eye ;  
Her glance may well make warm and bright  
The sternest winter sky.



Love bids perpetual summer shine,  
And bids perpetual roses twine,  
    Though storms be howling by :  
But when to Love so warm, is given,  
To look past Earth's short bound, to Heaven ;  
To see its sweets re-bloom anew,  
In fields more green, and skies more blue ;  
Love, burning with RELIGION's flame,  
Each hope, each fear, each joy the same ;  
Souls, both as one, commingled there,  
The same bright hope, the same sweet prayer,  
The cross, their common bond, the seal,  
That faith, which each profess and feel :  
Oh, this is Love, surpassing far,  
What all mere earthly passions are ;  
More pure, more lovely, and more warm,  
Than lit by fairest earthly form.

Such is the Love that shines around,  
    In Palace, Hall, or Cot,  
The looks that beam, the words that sound,  
    The joy that decks the spot.

~~~~~

The hymn floats softly through the vale,
The scent of flowers is in the gale,
Combining joy and summer sun,
Perfume, and music, all in one.
The infant group are now at play,
Bright, as that sun, and summer's day,
While the fond mother smiles, to see
The ring dance round so merrily.

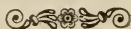
Beam on ! beam on ! ye sacred hours,
With joyance ever new ;
No storm descends, no tempest lowers,
No sorrow saddens you :
The sun that makes your happy day,
Bids e'en the inmost soul be gay.

If Heav'n has ever shone below,
Its dawning now appears ;
We seem to catch the morning glow,
From those celestial spheres :
We seem to catch a blush of light,
From the golden walls, and portals bright .

~~~~~

A sweet reflection from the ray,  
Which no sun beams,  
Nor fair moon gleams,  
But GOD HIMSELF sheds all the day.

This is the time so long foreseen,  
When ages rolled their years between ;  
Thy reign Oh, PRINCE OF PEACE !  
ENVY, and STRIFE, and WRATH have fled,  
The POWERS OF SIN seem bound and dead,  
And PAIN and SORROW cease !  
This was the empire thou didst buy,  
When on the cross, ascending high,  
DEATH yielded THEE the victory !  
Oh may it be an endless reign,  
Nor Earth know other rule again !







## MEETING.

TO \* \* \* \*



ALL welcome to thee !—Thus the morning ray  
Breaks on the night-worn traveller's gloomy way ;  
That first sweet sun-burst bids *his* pathway shine,  
Thou art the earthly beam that gladdens *mine*.

Thy God hath kept thee, though to man unseen,  
Around thee His eternal arms have been,  
And many a secret shaft of malice shot  
Against thy health and peace, have harm'd thee not,  
He saw its aim, and turned its point aside ;  
Though on thy right and left ten thousand died,  
Yet all unhurt, and safely, thou hast pass'd  
By man, by sorrow, by the sickly blast ;  
And that kind hand that thus protected thee,  
Hath led thy welcome footsteps back to me.



Oh, God is good indeed!—His mercy spreads  
The grassy ground—the Heaven above our heads—  
The fruits and flowers of Earth—and bids us raise  
To His kind hand, continual songs of praise;  
Even in punishment, his mercy blends  
To mitigate the cup his anger sends.  
When erst from EDEN, sinful man he drove,  
Across a curs'd and desart world to rove,  
He did not part them, and command to stray  
In lonely sadness, each a different way;  
But saved them, from the ruins of the Fall,  
The dearest, the most heavenly gift of all;  
LOVE, that will sweetly glow, and hearts to bear  
The cherished burden of each other's care;  
The eye that weeps for us, the smile that shines,  
The hand that helps, the cherishment that twines—  
Oh, these are sweets, that show us, though the Fall  
Has stolen much, it has not stolen all!

When those who love, and long were sever'd, meet,  
To what a pulse of joy the spirits beat!



As if the time of absence and of pain  
Was over, never to return again ;  
But fleeting and uncertain at the best,  
Is all on this side Heaven's eternal rest ;  
And if at parting, Hope delight to view  
The moment that unites our hands anew,  
Let us ! Oh let us ! when we meet, beware  
How transient all terrestrial unions are !  
Ah !—if we hold ourselves prepared to part,  
How many a sorrow shall we save the heart !

Man but awhile the cup of joyance sips,  
Ere DEATH remove the chalice from his lips,  
And the warm heart, and love-expressing eye,  
Cold and unfeeling, in the low grave lie ;  
But those who love as deathless Spirits ought,  
View all the years of Heaven in present thought,  
And feel, when every parting hour is past,  
A day of endless union comes at last.





## THE SONG OF MIRIAM.



The Dance which the women of Israel performed upon this occasion, was one still in use in many parts of the East, in which the leader takes in her hand a shawl or some instrument of music, and those who follow her, imitate her movements and her steps.



HARK to the sound of the 'Timbrel,  
By the side of EGYPT's waters ;  
'Tis the song and the dance of triumph,  
Of ISRAEL's dark-eyed daughters :  
O'er many a neck so swan-like,  
The loose black locks are flowing ;  
And many a lip is smiling,  
And many a cheek is glowing ;  
And those dark eyes are beaming,  
And those warm hearts are leaping ;  
And those light forms are swimming,  
The measured dance-step keeping :



And this is the song,  
As they sail along,  
MIRIAM, MIRIAM, leads the throng !

“ Oh, sing to JEHOVAH ! who, gloriously,  
“ Hath triumph'd, hath triumph'd, and no one  
but he ;  
“ Oh sing ! for JEHOVAH, victoriously,  
“ The horse and his rider hath sunk in the sea !”

Now the heights of PI-HAHIROTH,  
Catch the echo softly beating ;  
Now the rocks of BAAL-ZEPHON,  
Answer to the light retreating ;  
Now across the sunny ocean,  
Floats the music of soft voices ;  
And above, the sky is cloudless,  
As if Nature's self rejoices :  
And the song is sweetly sounding,  
And the step is lightly twining,  
And the timbrel gayly ringing,  
And the eye with pleasure shining.



“ Oh, sing to JEHOVAH ! who, gloriously,

“ Hath triumph’d, hath triumph’d, and no one  
but he ;

“ Oh sing ! for JEHOVAH, victoriously,

“ The horse and his rider, hath sunk in the sea !”





## ELIJAH.



BY JUDAH'S vales and Olive glades,  
Where Eastern fruits entwine ;  
Her bowers of rose and palm tree shades,  
Her fields of corn and wine :  
ELIJAH and ELISHA pass'd,  
And well they knew, it was the last,  
The last dear hour, to friendship given,  
Before the fire-car and the blast,  
Should bear the prophet up to heaven.



How fondly then ELISHA hung  
On all his aged master spoke !  
How dear each word, that from his tongue,  
Like dying farewell broke !  
Friendship's a sun, that ever seems  
Brightest, in its departing beams,  
And never to the full we feel  
The depth, and warmth, and force of Love,  
Till Death comes in, the gem to steal,  
And those so dear have pass'd above ;  
Then we discover by the smart,  
How they entwined around the heart !

They went along, and o'er their head,  
High in the fields of air ;  
Appeared a beauteous cloud of red,  
And fast against the breeze it fled,  
It seemed a SERAPH fair ;  
One of those Spirits, who assume,  
The lurid flame in all its forms,  
To guard, to punish, to consume,  
To wield the lightning-sword of storms ;





To Earth it came,  
That beauteous flame,  
The friends who dearly lov'd it parted,  
Its mantle round  
The Prophet wound,  
Then back to its own heaven it darted ;  
And Oh ! ELISHA's wilder'd eyes,  
Followed his master to the skies,  
As we to day,  
Perceive the ray  
Of Glory, when a Christian dies !

Sweet parting this—but not for us  
To pass to those bright regions thus ;  
We must go through the cold dark stream,  
But—Ah !—if FAITH's celestial beam  
Shine over, all will then be bright,  
And we scarce need wish for the car of light,  
So fair will the waters seem !



---

## THE REQUIEM.

---

Ease after toil, Port after stormy seas,  
Death after Life, doth very greatly please.  
SPENCER.

---

If there's a power in earthly sound,  
To soothe an aching breast;  
It is, when some dear grave around,  
The sacred hymn of Rest  
From voices low, and soft, and clear,  
At Summer eve steals o'er the ear.

Perchance, in deep and shadowy dells  
That funeral song may be ;  
Perchance, from ocean beach it swells  
Across a rippled sea ;  
Perchance cathedral chancel high,  
May echo soft the harmony.



It speaks of rest from every toil,  
Of ease from every pain ;  
A home where nought can come, to spoil  
The work of joy again :  
It tells, that one has gone to dwell  
Amid that peace unspeakable.

It tells, another Saint has won  
The victory o'er the tomb ;  
That now, he has for ever done  
With sin, and all its doom :  
It brings to mind, that REQUIEM sung  
In PATMOS\* by unearthly tongue.

Sweet soothing hymn, thy harmony,  
That swells and sinks away,  
Bids every wave of passion die,  
Each rebel thought decay ;  
And peace and holy calmness rest  
O'er every feeling of the breast.

---

\* Rev. 11, 13.



Worn head ! and stormy heart ! come here !

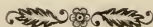
List to that simple strain ;

Lay care aside, dry every tear,

And never mourn again :

Perhaps the time not far may be,

When this sweet hymn shall sound o'er thee.





## THE BUTTERFLY.



Look at the insect-queen of flowers,  
Winnowing lightly through summer bowers ;  
Her wings have many a radiant hue,  
Spotted with gold, and crimson, and blue ;  
For whom were those wings so richly dy'd ?  
She sees not their beauty, nor feels their pride :

It was, MAN, for thee,

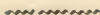
That thou may'st see,

What THY last conquest of Death may be !



Born but a worm—her life was brief,  
Her tomb some little field-flower's leaf;  
A summer week pass'd swiftly o'er,  
    She who was once a worm, arose  
    From her green chamber of repose,  
    With tints where many a beauty glows,  
And wings she never had before ;  
    And now a beauteous, lovely thing,  
    She chooses her rest,  
    Where she loves the best,  
    On the sweetest of Summer's blossoming.

“ Like mine,” methinks I hear her say,  
“ Will be MAN's state another day ;  
“ That feeble creature, who on earth  
“ Feels weakness even from his birth ;  
“ When o'er his grave a few years roll,  
    “ Changed as I am, shall surely rise,  
“ Lovely in form, and pure in soul,  
    “ A Seraph of eternal skies !”



## FUNERAL SONG.



REST, Pilgrim, rest!—this verdant bed,  
Shall bear thee slumbering safe from sorrow;  
Sleep!—sleep in peace, in Christ, thy head,  
'Till thou awake on Heaven's bright morrow.

The forest boughs that o'er thee wave,  
Shall be the curtains of thy slumbers;  
The brook that flows beside thy grave,  
Shall sing to thee its wild wood numbers.



Rest, Pilgrim, rest !—a couch so fair,  
Seems to present a lovely token  
Of one sweet home from every care,  
A balm for hearts this world hath broken.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest !—Now, not a fear  
Shall move thy breast to thought of sadness ;  
Thou hast a lovely refuge here,  
Though grief once bit thy heart to madness.

Nor Sun, nor storm, nor heat, nor frost,  
Nor Serpent's fang, nor pain past healing ;  
Nor heart of man, by malice crost,  
Can cause thee now one bitter feeling.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest !—though o'er thy bier,  
Torn hearts and weeping eyes are bending ;  
FAITH soothes the breast, and gilds the tear  
With light from thine own Heaven descending.





For we can turn our gaze above,  
And see the beauteous bright-wing'd spirit  
Soaring o'er fields of heavenly love,  
Won by a dying Saviour's merit.

Peace to thine ashes!—God will keep  
Securely, all that thou didst render,  
Till that bright sound that bursts thy sleep,  
Shall clothe thee in a robe of splendor!



*Addressed to Mrs. MARSHMAN and her friends, setting  
out on the Indian Mission, April 1821.*

FROM England's shores, how many a band  
Have sailed on charge of war,  
Bearing from out their native land,  
Stern threatening and awe ;  
How many have resigned their breath,  
In these dark embassies of death !

And far this little band will go,  
But not for victory and woe :  
Soldiers indeed—but of the cross ;  
Of HIM, who came, who died to save ;  
For HIM, they count all gain but loss,  
And yield him all at first he gave :



Arm'd it is true, but not with sword,  
Their weapons all by mercy given,  
The mighty Spirit of their Lord,  
And HOPE, to point the soul to Heaven;  
FAITH in their bosoms, and above,  
Their banner over them, is LOVE.

Oh, fare you well! and with you go,  
All promis'd to the saints below,  
His power and presence, who can keep  
Your minds in holy peace and fear,  
Though wandering o'er the mighty deep,  
Or lands where no kind voice is near;  
And when beneath the Banian tree,  
The Indian, deep in thought you see,  
Reposing on the green turf there;  
And reading—not the volumes vain,  
Fill'd with such tales as heathen feign,  
But the bright page of praise and prayer.  
Oh may you feel a joy, which then  
More than atones for all resigned;  
The joy of saving fallen men,  
Of bearing mercy to mankind!



Farewel—With me had just begun

The light of friendship's dawn ;

Its first hour sees its setting sun,

Its evening in its morn.

We part—life's vapour, light and vain,

May vanish ere we meet again ;

But seas and climates idly spread

To part the soul—above the dead,

FRIENDSHIP still flourishes, and waves

A deathless plant o'er covered graves :

And MEMORY oft will bring again,

Bright forms of joy commixed with pain ;

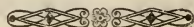
Farewel! and if we never meet

Each other ere we die,

More thorns may pierce and harm your feet,

But you will tread to Heaven's high seat

A brighter path than I !





## ENJOYMENT.



Lord, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply ;  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy ;  
But pricking thorns through all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow ;  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.

WATTS.



Is this EARTH a barren spot,  
Dark without a single ray ?  
Look around, and say it not,  
Beauty reigns through night and day.



Were the woods, and hills, and streams,  
Earth's soft green, and Heaven's pure blue,  
All the radiance of its beams,  
Formed by God, in vain for you?

Were the notes that MUSIC wreathes,  
In her sweet enchanted chain,  
All the impassioned sounds she breathes,  
Bid to flow, for you, in vain?

In the garden of the soul,  
Is there nothing to delight?  
Where the sweetest passions roll,  
And the Fancy ever bright?

Love and Friendship, have not they,  
Through the coldest bosom shone,  
Beamed across its ice a ray,  
Fires like these could beam alone?

True, indeed! the stain of Sin,  
We perceive upon it all;  
And the best around, within,  
Bears the tokens of the Fall.

We may wish for purer skies,  
Fields celestial, springs of bliss,  
Yet we gratefully may prize,  
Such a lovely world as this!

We may wish for souls as chaste,  
As the moon or mountain snow;  
Yet each hallowed pleasure taste,  
God has given to man below.

Call not Earth a barren spot!  
Pass it not ungrateful by!  
'Tis to man a lovely lot,  
Though a lovelier rests on high.



## NOON.



SWEET SUMMER-NOON ! Delightful hour !

In silent soft repose to lie

On verdant turf, in greenwood bower,

Beneath a warm and sunny sky,

What time, the flocks and herds are laid

Beside the stream, by the leafy shade ;

When all creation seems at rest,

Unless the soothing rustic sound

Of the forest bee, in the field-flower's breast,

Or flying the clover and wild-thyme round.

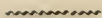




Then far from the world, and the tumult vain,  
So fair and so still is all we see,  
That FANCY, in visions of extacy,  
Might deem it were EDEN again !  
Oh ! with one, to friendship dear,  
How sweet for hours to linger here,  
And pass the sunshiny hours away ;  
Till down in the West,  
The Sun to his rest,  
Sinks at the close of the golden day.

Delightful trance,  
When the thoughts advance,  
Through all that is quiet and lovely here ;  
To those bright bowers,  
Of heavenly flowers,  
And trees of Life in a higher sphere !

It was thus, methinks, in the innocent days,  
When PARADISE yet was unstained by crime ;  
When the new-made Sun, shed bright pure rays  
O'er the woof began by infant TIME :



When over the garden of joy, one Spring  
Was yielding, and budding, and blossoming ;  
When the fruits of Autumn, and vernal dew,  
And flowers and buds of every hue,  
Formed many a radiant ring ;  
And man had nought beside to do,  
But roam the sweet enchantment through,  
And wait for that last glorious Heaven ;  
A brighter, but scarce a happier spot,  
Than this on Earth, which God had given,  
To be his favorite creatures lot.





## DEATH.



How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?

Jer. xii, 15.



DARK RIVER OF DEATH, that is flowing  
Between the BRIGHT CITY and me ;  
Thou boundest the path I am going,  
Oh, how shall I pass over thee !

When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,  
And Earth disappears from my sight,  
When a cloud rises thickly before me,  
And veils all my spirits in night.



When the hands I love dearly are wringing,  
The eyes all for me wet with tears,  
The hearts that surround me still clinging,  
And I all misgiving and fears.

Ere the warmth of that love be departed,  
That binds us so closely below ;  
Could I bear to see them broken-hearted  
Nor feel all the sting of their woe ?

Oh, DEATH ! thou last portion of sorrow,  
The prospect of Heaven is bright ;  
And fair is the dawn of its morrow,  
But stormy and dreadful thy night !

Oh THOU ! who hast broken the power  
Of this the last victor of men,  
Be with me in that solemn hour,  
Oh grant me deliverance then !

The glory from Calvary streaming,  
May shine o'er the cold sable wave ;  
And the faith that is often times beaming,  
May burst through the gloom of the grave.

And peace may shine cloudless above me,  
When I think what my Saviour has said,  
\*The FATHER HIMSELF deigns to love me,  
And JESUS has died in my stead.

With the prospect of meeting for ever,  
With the bright gates of Heaven in view,  
From the dearest on Earth I could sever,  
And smile a delightful adieu !

---

\* John xvi, 27.





## THE FIRST SABBATH.

---

When the *Morning Stars* sang together,  
And all the *Sons of God* shouted for joy.  
JOB.

---

ONCE a glorious morning beamed,  
Brighter never yet has been ;  
When the Sun his first light streamed,  
O'er a world unmarred by Sin.

When the mighty work was done,  
And the seventh morn arose,  
When the first sabbatic sun  
Lit the hours of repose :

Oh, with what a loud acclaim,  
Then the SONS OF MORNING sang !  
To the glory of THY name,  
All the Heavenly chancel rang !

Then the THRONES, with harps of light,  
Struck with mighty chord THY praise,  
Hymning all THY power and might,  
ANCIENT OF ETERNAL DAYS !

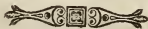
What a Sabbath morn was there !  
What, alas ! are these of ours !  
Some faint gleam indeed they bear,  
Caught from those celestial bowers.

Yet, impure, and cold, and faint,  
Oft we drag the hours along,  
With sad weariness and plaint,  
Rather than with joyful song.



But a Sabbath shall arise;  
Even than the first more bright ;  
When the morning of the skies,  
Breaks the long and dreary night.

Lovelier, for in that sweet hour,  
Ransomed souls shall sit above,  
And those bright stars that sang HIS POWER,  
Shall join, and add REDEEMING LOVE !







---

But I would not have you to be ignorant, Brethren, concerning those who are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope.—1 Thess. iv, 13.

---

OF all the flowers of EDEN left us,  
The few, few buds of that realm of light ;  
Of which, e'en the curse has not bereft us,  
Though drooping they seem beneath its blight ;  
The sweetest, by far, are they which bloom  
In the garden of LOVE, and by FRIENDSHIP  
formed ;  
Watered by tears in Sorrow's gloom,  
And in Joy, by the sunshine of sweet smiles  
warmed.



But these,—alas !—how often they wave,  
    Their beauty fled,  
    Drooping and dead,  
Over some dear, and some cherished grave !  
And when MEMORY thinks how sweet they were,  
Though withering now in such sadness there ;  
Greater, it seems, is the pain they give,  
    Than the pleasure before,  
    For that pass'd o'er,  
The flowers all die, but the thorns still live.

A sky of unclouded, unchanging bliss,  
    A summer whose sun shall never set,  
A region of brighter rays than this,  
    Awaits those withering flowrets yet :  
And Oh, were it not for such a thought,  
    What bosom the transient bliss would buy,  
    That feels, when all most loved must die,  
How dear that pleasure must be bought !  
LOVE clasps fresh roses to her breast ;  
    But DEATH comes by, and, as in scorn,  
Touches the bud she prized the best,  
    And every rose becomes a thorn !



PURE FIELDS OF HEAVENLY LIGHT—in you  
There is no parting, no adieu,  
But life-streams flow, and bowers, whose shade  
No sin can taint, no death can fade ;  
Spirit that twined with spirit here,  
Shall in thine ever-peaceful sphere,  
More sweetly twine, and not a grief  
Be shed—that love should be so brief!  
And HE, whose throne makes all the ray  
That lights that one eternal day,  
The bound and center of the whole,  
Shall seal this sweetness of the soul ;  
And HIS Almighty signet be  
    To all so dear,  
    That withered here,  
The stamp of IMMORTALITY !



---

## ANXIETY.

---

Why sayest thou, O Jacob,  
And speakest O Israel,  
“ My way is concealed from Jehovah;  
“ And my judgment is passed over from my God!”

ISAIAH.

---

ALONG my earthly way,  
How many clouds are spread !  
Darkness with scarce one cheerful ray,  
Seems gathering o'er my head.

And, if the beauteous bow  
Of Hope sometimes appears ;  
Like Earth's, 'tis but the sign of woe,  
On showers of falling tears.

~~~~~  
Yet, FATHER, thou art Love,
Oh, hide not from my view ;
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Bid mercy sparkle through !

My pathway is not hid,
THOU knowest all my need,
And I would do as Israel did,
Follow where thou wilt lead.

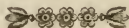
I am perverse and blind,
And know not what is right ;
But THOU art wise, and good, and kind,
And arm'd with matchless might !

Oh, may my heart be bent
In all to meet thy will ;
In holy faith, and sweet content,
Though seeming good or ill.



Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray ;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

And Oh !—from that bright throne,
I shall look back, and see
The path I went, and that alone
Was the right path for me.





H E B. xiii, 11, 13.

LET me go without the camp,
 Bearing the reproach of THEE ;
Who on that dark mount of death,
 Bore such deeper shame for me.

Some went with thee to the Cross,
 Though the number was but few ;
Ah ! methinks, had I been there,
 I had gone among them too !

That can never come again,
 That dark hour has pass'd away,
Let me prove what I had done,
 By my love to thee to-day.



SOLITUDO.



SOLITUDO ! quam dilecta !
Hinc in cœlum via recta ;
Procul est, insanitatis
Et Theatrum vanitatis ;
Plebs si sævit, hic sedebo,
Et quæ supra sunt videbo :
Mecum, Angeli cantabunt,
Cœli Dominum laudabunt
Oh ! si semper, sic sederem,
Mundi turbas me viderem ;
Me, dum tollent angelorum
Grege, ad Paradisi chorum ;
Et, ut sanctus eremita,
Dulci requiescam vita.

SOLITUDE.

*Imitation of the preceding Lines, written in the woods
of the late Edward Walker, Esq., of Guestingthorpe.*

AH, SOLITUDE!—Thy shade how dear,
The nearest road to Heaven lies here ;
From hence, the baneful scenes afar,
Of folly, and of madness are ;
Above the tumult, on this height,
Celestial visions meet my sight ;
I sing, and angels songs I hear,
Mingling with mine in yonder sphere ;
Oh ! might I sit for ever so,
Nor see the crowded world below ;
Upborne by bands of Angels, rise
To join the choirs of Paradise,
And as a holy hermit, close
My life, amid such sweet repose.



To * * * *

GENTLE SPIRIT !—Thou hast risen
Far beyond the chains that bound thee,
And instead of Earth's dark prison,
Liberty and light surround thee !

Wert thou injured ? Every anguish
Freely hast thou now forgiven !—
E'en the blow that made thee languish—
Anger cannot live in Heaven !

Even here, thy heart so tender,
Pierced and torn, yet suffered saintly ;
Tears were all that thou didst render,
And the prayer to Heaven breathed faintly.



Yet, methinks, that pain more keenly
Must the injurer's breast be feeling,
When resentless and serenely,
Down thy cheek the tear was stealing !

GENTLE SPIRIT ! In thy sorrow,
Like thy SAVIOUR, meek in sadness,
Thou from HIM thy light didst borrow,
Thou with HIM wilt reign in gladness.





SYMPATHY.



MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHY!—Who can tell,
How many a hidden balm is thine !
When oft the undiscovered spell
Hath bidden the gloomy spirit shine :
When through the mind, we know not how,
Some lovely burst of light has darted ;
And the gloom that hung o'er the soul, e'en now
Is burst, and broken, and departed.

Ah ! Methinks ! it has oft been thus,
When those who love, and who think of us,



Have knelt before the throne of prayer,
And poured their hearts out for us there ;
That instant as they pray, we feel
A Sabbath o'er our bosoms steal ;
A fair, and more than earthly ray,
Burst through the cloud, across our way,
And sweetness, we knew not whence, nor where,
Has beamed from the light of another's prayer.

I love to think—though perhaps it be
But the wildered dreaming of Phantasy ;
That those whom we love, and have lost, come here,
As visitants from that heavenly sphere,
And pour sweet oil in the flame that is fading,
The flame of the spirit, when faint and low,
And for us, fair flowers of hope are braiding,
To cheer us in many a night of woe :
I love to think, that they pass beside us,
'Though no sound meet the ear, nor a form the eye
And when we think sadly, that worlds divide us,
The Spirits of those whom we love, are nigh :



And when we are broken in heart, and weep,
That they, so dear,
Should leave us here,
And lie in the tomb in Death's cold sleep,
In language unheard,
Too sublime for a word,
They tell us, how happy and blest they are,
And remind us, that soon, releas'd from care,
Again we shall meet,
In union more sweet,
In regions immortal, and bright and fair.

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHT !—I would not change
Thy joy, though deceptive perhaps thou art,
For the coldest truth in Philosophy's range,
Which may lighten the reason, but chills the
heart:

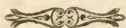
I love to see passing before me again,
Those dear dead forms, that I loved before ;
That have now like shadows pass'd over the plain,
And gladden for me this Earth no more.



It seems, as if then we could leave behind,
All else, and mingle with them, and go,
Almost with Spirits like theirs, refin'd,
Where the life-groves wave, and the rivers flow.

Oh, the beauteous visions that glance
Through the soul, as in vivid trance !
Again we meet,
In communion sweet,
Those whose hearts for us once beat ;
And whose eyes but shone,
In love alone,
And lighten'd the bosom they beam'd upon !

Thoughts like these come but from THEE,
Deep mysterious SYMPATHY !





1 JOHN, iv, 23.



And this is his Commandment,—*That we should believe on the name of his Jesus Christ, and love one another* as he gave us commandment.



SWEET Commandment!—Blessed union!

Worthy HIM from whom it came;
Every Soul in sweet communion,
Glowing with the same pure flame.

Heart with heart in love entwining,
Hand in hand together press'd;
Love, lit by the radiance shining
Down from Heaven in every breast.



Sweet Commandment!—blessed union!

Worthy Him from whom it came ;

Every Soul in sweet communion,

Glowing with the same pure flame.





HOLY MEDITATION.



THERE is a train of holy thought,
That e'en on Earth will trance the soul ;
When all inferior things seem nought,
And GOD and Heaven possess the whole.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when, withdrawn
Far from the busy crowd of men,
At eve, or noon, or early dawn,
On forest bank, or meadow lawn,
We rest in sweet reflection : then
NATURE, all lovely, seems to wear
The impress of her MAKER there ;



The birds of song, the flowers, the trees,
The skies, the streams, the whispering breeze,
The BEAUTY, that in thousand forms,
The heart to holy pleasure warms,
So soothe the Spirit, that she seems,
Wrapt up in soft celestial dreams,
And fain would rest in such a spot,
Nor seek again,
The tumult vain ;
But Earth's deep cares permit her not.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when in prayer
The contrite spirit kneels ;
When HIM, her GOD, her GUARDIAN there,
Present with her, she feels.
Prayer to the wanderer here is given,
The ladder that will reach to Heaven,
Like that in PADAN-ARAN, when
The Patriarch laid him down to sleep,
And saw how GOD will deign to keep
His guard of Love o'er fallen men.



SUCH IS THE FEELING, when the cross

In all its loveliness appears :

Then earthly gain, indeed, seems loss,

And Heaven shines bright through holy tears.

REPENTANCE weeps, and loves to shed

The drops of sorrow o'er her fall,

FAITH points to HIM, who once hath bled,

And suffered, to atone for all :

Then won to such eternal love,

The heart seems reft from earth, and dwells

Where his loud praise the Anthem swells,

Of ransomed men above.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when the stroke

Of sorrow falls upon our head,

When some fair bond of Love is broke,

And some sweet star of comfort fled ;

Oh, then, we think these fleeting ties

Shall bind us to this Earth no more;

We turn our wishes to the skies,

Where joyance never, never, dies,

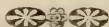
And sin and all its stings are o'er.



SUCH IS THE FEELING, when in death,
One whom we dearly love departs ;
When *we* feel fading with *their* breath,
And find *their* death-pang in *our* hearts ;
Then as the Spirit sets, she seems
Just like the sun on western sea,
To form a path of her own beams,
To lead us to eternity.
It seems as if indeed were seen,
Those gates of undecaying light,
And for a moment in between,
We caught a glance of the glittering scene,
And the choral bands so fair and bright,
Who there are found,
The throne around,
In raiment, spotless, pure and white.
We trace the Spirit's path along,
Till she seems mingled with the throng,
Then rapt, and dazzled with the gaze,
We turn to our own Earth again,
And all its best and brightest rays,
Seem dark, and profitless, and vain.

Oh, for a frame like this, to last
Till all this mortal life be past!
But no, it cannot be—Earth clings
Around us yet—the Seraph wings
Of purity and light will wave
Triumphant o'er a conquered grave;
But while in mortal cumbrance drest,
 If we aspire,
 We droop and tire,
And turn to this low earth to rest.

Yet it will be—pass on ye hours—
When in all bright celestial bowers,
Without one low and mortal tie,
But cloudless as an Alpine sky,
 We—we shall soar,
 To droop no more,
But put on IMMORTALITY!



Whither, shall I go from *thy* Spirit!
 Or whither shall I flee from *thy* presence?
 If I ascend to Heaven, there art *thou*!
 If I couch in Hell! Ah, there art *thou*!
 If I take the wings of the morning,
 And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
 Even there, shall *thy* hand lead me,
 And *thy* right hand shall sustain me:
 If I say—Surely the darkness shall conceal me,
 Even the night shall be light around me,
 Yes!—the darkness concealeth not from *thee*,
 But the night shineth like the day:
 Alike, are the darkness and the light!

Ps. cxxxix, 7-12.

WHERE can I go, from THEE!

ALL PRESENT DEITY!

Nature, and Time, and Thought, THINE impress
 bear;

Through Earth, or Sea, or Sky,

Though far!—Afar!—I fly,

I turn, and find THEE present with me there.



The perfume of the rose,
And every flower that blows,
All, mark THY love, in clusters of the vale;
The corn that crowns the fields,
The fruits the garden yields,
Proclaim the bounties that can never fail.

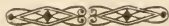
The vapour and the cloud,
The thunder bursting loud,
Speak of THY majesty, in words of flame;
The Ocean as it roars,
Lashing the rocks and shores,
Declares from what a mighty hand it came.

The vasty globes that roll,
Each on its own firm pole,
Through all the boundless fields of space, alone,
Prove, that indeed THOU art,
Thè life-wheel and the heart,
Of Systems to our little world unknown.



From THEE, I cannot fly;
THINE all-observing eye
Marks the minutest atom of THY reign ;
How far so e'er I go,
THOU all my path would'st know,
And bring the wanderer to this earth again.

But why should I depart ?
'Tis safety where THOU art,
And could one spot alone, THY being hold,
I, poor, and vain, and weak,
That sacred spot would seek,
And dwell within the shelter of THY fold !





SONNET.



BUT for the cloud, were neither shower nor bow ;
The loveliness that Earth and Sky display :
'Tis when the storm descends, and tempests blow,
The traveller seeks the refuge on his way ;
The first fair moment of the break of day,
Had never been, but for the gloom of night ;
The Spring's sweet time of hope and blossoms gay,
Owes half its sweetness to the Winter's blight :
Such is the brilliance and extreme delight
Of the first dawn of joy, when grief departs ;
And through the night of sorrow glances bright
A beam of heavenly love upon our hearts ;
So, through the cloud of woe, and falling tears,
Serenely bright the world of day appears.



Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye, who are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.—Gal. vi, 1.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;
The grace of God alone, holds *thee*, holds *all*,
Were that withdrawn, thou too would'st swerve
and halt.

Lead back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold,
That were an action worthy of a saint;
But not in malice let the crime be told,
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.



The Saviour suffers, when his children slide ;
Then, is his holy name by men blasphemed,
And he afresh is mock'd and crucified,
Even by those, his bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, but yet in love rebuke,
Feel as one member in another's pain ;
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
And mighty and eternal is thy gain !





JOSHUA xxiv, 15.



Entering, for the first time, a house of my own.—April 25th, 1822.



EBENEZER!—To this day,
THOU, my wavering feet hast led ;
And each moment of my way,
I've been guided, clothed, and fed.

Yes—THINE eye was bent on me,
Though to folly's paths I turned ;
Neither feared, nor thought on THEE,
And THY hand, which fed me, spurned.

EBENEZER !—Now I bend,
At the footstool of THY love ;
May my praise and prayer ascend,
To THY mercy-seat above !

Choose, Oh, choose, THY dwelling here ;
And may all within it be
Humble followers in THY fear,
Wholly consecrate to THEE.

Here at Morning's first fair light,
And at Evening's parting rays ;
May the voice of prayer unite,
With the sweet accord of praise.

When the fresh and blooming Spring
Covers every tree with flowers ;
Then, my grateful soul would sing
THEE, who gave those lovely hours.



When these beauteous fields I see,
 Waving with Autumnal store ;
I would ever think of THEE,
 Whose were all the fruits they bore.

Summer, Winter, Day, or Night,
 Each will bring before my eye,
Some good token, dark or bright,
 Of a GOD OF MERCY nigh.

When adown these lanes I stray,
 Hedge, and tree, and mead, and stream,
All will seem to catch a ray,
 From the splendor of THY beam.

Every lovely thing around
 Leads my Spirit to THY throne ;
Neither fruit nor flowers are found,
 Save what spring from THEE, alone.

~~~~~

Here, be deeds so fair of proof,  
That the world around, may tell,  
“ Underneath that cottage roof,  
“ Servants of the SAVIOUR dwell.”

All my life-long journey through,  
This the vow I now record,  
That whatever others do,  
I and MINE will serve the LORD.













14, 15, 16  
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

